THE COVNTER SCVFFLE

Whereunto is added, the COVNTER-RATT.

Written by R. S.



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THE

THE COVNTER-SCVFFLE.

LEt that Maiesticke pen that writes
Of braue K. *Arthur* and his Knights,
And of their noble feates and fights:
And those who tell of Mice and Frogges,
And of the skirmishes of Hogges,
And of fierce *Beares*, and Mastiue Dogges,
Be silent

And now let each one listen well,
While I the famous Battle tell,
In *Woodstreet Counter* that befell
In high Lent.

In which great *Scuffle* onely twaine,
Without much hurt, or being slaine,
Immortall honour did obtaine
by merit.

One was a *Captaine* in degree,
A strong and lusty man was hee,
T'other a *Trades-man* bold and free
Of Spirit.
And though hee was no man of force,
Hee had a stomacke like a Horse,
And in his rage had no remorse
Or pitie.
Full nimbly could he cuffe and clout,
And was accounted, without doubt,
One of the Prettiest sparkes about
The Citie.
And at his weapon any way
Hee could performe a single fray,
Euen from the long pike to the *Taylors* Bodkin.
Hee reckt not for his flesh a iot,
Hee feard not *Englishman* nor *Scot*,
For *Man* or *Monster*, car'd hee not
A Dodkin.
For fighting was his recreation,
And like a man in Desperation,
For *Law*, *Edict*, or *Proclamation*.
He car'd not.

And

And in his Anger (cauſe being giuen)
To lift his hand 'gainſt good Sir *Steuen*,
Or any *Iuſtice* vnder Heauen,
He fear'd not.
Hee durſt his enemie withſtand,
Or at *Tergoos* or *Calis* ſand.
And brauely there with ſword in hand
Would greet him.
And noble *Ellis* was his name,
Who 'mongſt his foes to purchaſe fame,
Nor cared though the Diuel came
To meete him.
And this braue *Goldſmith* was the man,
Who firſt this worthy brawle began,
Which after ended in a Can
Of mild Beere.
But had you ſeene him when hee fought,
How eagerly for bloud he hee ſought,
Ther's no man but would haue him thought
A wild Beare.
Imagine now you ſee a ſcore
Of madcap Gentlemen or more,
Boyes that did vſe to royſt and rore,
And ſwagger.

Among the which were three or foure,
That rul'd themselues by wisdomes lore,
Whose very Grandsiers scarcely wore
A Dagger.
A *Priest* and *Lawyer*, men well read,
In wiping spoones and chipping bread,
And falling too, short grace being sed,
Full roundly.
Whose hungry mawes no Sallets need
Good appetites therein to breed,
Their stomackes without sauce could feed
Profoundly.
'Twas ill that men of sober dyet,
Who lou'd to fill their guts in quiet,
Were plac'd with *Ruffins*, that to ryot
Were giuen:
And (O great griefe!) euen from their food,
(Their Stomacks too, being strong & good)
And that sweet place whereon it stood,
Be driuen.
But here t'is fitting I repeat,
What food our daintie Prisoners eat?
But if in placing of the meat
And Dishes.
From

From curious order I doe swerue,
T'is that themselues did none obserue,
For which nor flesh they did deserue
Nor Fishes.
But some (perhaps) will say that Lent,
Affords them not what heere is ment,
So much, so good, and that they went
Without it.
T'is like: but if I adde a Dish,
Or twaine, or three, of Flesh or Fish,
They either had, or did it wish,
Ne're doubt it.
Then wipe your mouthes, while I declare,
The goodnesse of this Lenten fare,
Which is in Prison very rare,
I tell ye. *The Supper.*

Furmitie sweete as any *Nut*,
As good as euer swill'd a Gut,
And butter sweet as e're was put
In belly.
Egges by the dozen, new and good,
Which in white *Salt* vprightly stood,
And meates which heat and stir the bloud
To action.

As butter'd *Crabs* and *Lobſters* red,
Which ſend the married payre to bed,
And in looſe blouds haue often bred
A Faction.
Fiſh butterd to the Platters brim,
And *Parſnips* did in Butter ſwim,
Strew'd ore with Pepper, neate and trim
Salt Salmon.
Smelts cryde, come eate me doe not ſtay,
Freſh Cod, and *Maides* full neerely lay,
And next to theſe a luſty *Ba-*
con Gammon
Stuck thicke with Cloues vpon the backe,
Well ſtuft with Sage, and for the ſmacke,
Daintily ſtrew'd with Pepper blacke,
Sous'd Gurnet.
Pickrell, *Sturgeon*, *Tench* and *Trout*,
Meate farre too good for ſuch a rout,
To tumble, toſſe, and throw about
And ſpurne it,
The next, a *Neates-tongue* neately dryde,
Muſtard and *Suger* by his ſide.
Rochets butter'd *Flounders* fryde,
Hot *Cuſtard.*
Eeles

Eeles boyl'd and broil'd: and next they bring
Herring, that is the *Fishes* King,
And then a Courtly Poll of *Ling*,
And *Mustard*.

But stay, I had almost forgot
The flesh which still stands piping hot,
Some from the Spit, some from the Pot
New taken.

A *Shoulder*, and a *Leg* of *Mutton*,
As good as euer Knife was put on,
Which neuer were by a true Glutton
Forsaken.

A *Loyne* of *Veale*, that would haue dar'd
One of the hungriest of the *Guard*,
And they sometimes will feed full hard,
Like tall men,

And such as loue the *Lustie Chine*:
But when that I shall sup or dine,
God grant they be no *Guests* of mine,
Of all men.

Thus the Descriptions are compleat,
Which I haue made of men and meat.
Mars aide me now, while I repeat
The Battaile:

Where Pots and Stooles were vs'd as Gins.
To breake each others Heads, and Shins
Where blowes did make bones in their skins
To rattle.
Where men to madnesse neuer ceast,
Till each (furious, as a Beast)
Had spoyl'd the fashion of a Feast,
Full daintie.
Whereon, had they not beene accurst,
They might haue fed, till bellies burst:
But *Ellis* shew'd himselfe the worst
Of twentie.
For hee began this monstrous brall,
Which afterward incens'd them all,
To throw the meat about the Hall,
That Euen.
And now giue eare vnto the Iarre,
That fell betweene these men of Warre,
Wherein so many a harmelesse skarre
Was giuen.
The boord thus furnisht, each man sate,
Some fell to feeding, some to prate,
Mong whom a iarring question straight
Was risen.

For

For they grew hotly in dispute,
What calling was of most repute:
T'was well their lots were so acute
In Prison.

Parson.

While they discours'd the *Parson* blythe
Fed, as he meant to haue the Tythe,
Of euery Dish, being sharpe (as Sythe)
in feeding.

But haste had almost made him choke,
Or else, perhaps, he would haue spoke
In prayse of his long-thread-bare Cloke.
And breeding.

Lawyer.

But after a deliberate pause,
The *Lawyer* spoke as hee had cause
In commendation of the *Lawes*
Profession.

The Law quoth hee, by a iust doome,
Doth censure all that to it come,
And still defends the Innocent from
Oppression.

It fauours Truth, it curbes the hope
Of Vice, it gines Allegeance scope,
Prouides a Gallowes and a Rope
For Treason.

This doth the *Law*, and this is it
Which makes vs here in prison sit,
Which grounded is on holy writ
And Reason.
To which all men must subiect be,
As we by daily proofe doe see,
From highest to the low'st degree;
The *Scholler*,
Noble, and *Rich*: It doth subdue
The *Souldier*, and his swaggering crue,
But at that word the Captaine grew;
In choller.

The souldier. He lookt full grim, and at first word,
Rapt out an Oath, that shooke the board
And strucke his fist, that the sound roar'd
Like thunder.
It made all skip, that stood him neere,
The frighted *Custard* quak'd for feare,
And those that heard it, stricken were
With wonder.
Nought did he now but frowne, and puffe,
And hauing star'd, and swore enough,
Thus he began in language rough:
Thou cogging,
Base

Base foysting *Lawyer*, that doſt ſet
Thy mind on nothing, but to get
Thy liuing by thy damned pet-
tifogging:
A Slaue, that ſhall for halfe a Crowne,
With Buckram bag, and daggled Gowne,
Waite like my dogge about the Towne,
And follow
A buſineſſe of the Deuils part,
For fees, though not with Law nor Art:
But head as emptie as thy heart
Is hollow.
You ſtay at home and pocket Fees,
While we abroad our blouds doe leeſe,
And then, with ſuch baſe termes as theſe
You wrong vs.
But *Lawyer*, it is safer farre
For thee to prattle at a Barre,
Then once to ſhew thy face i'th Warre
Among vs.
Where to defend ſuch thankleſſe Hinds,
The *Souldier* little quiet finds,
But is expos'd to ſtormie winds.
And weathers,

And oft in blood he wades full deepe,
Your throats from forraine swords to keep,
And wakes, when you securely sleepe,
In feathers.
What could your *Lawes* or *Statutes* doe
Against Inuasions of the *Foe*,
Did not the valiant *Souldier* goe
To quell 'em?
And to preuent your further harmes,
With Ensigne, Fife, and loud Alarmes
Of warlike Drum, by force of Armes
Repell 'em?
Your *Trespasse Action* will not stand,
For setting foote vpon your Land,
When they in scorne of your *Command*
Come hither.
No remedie in *Courts* of *Powles*,
In *Common Place*, or in the *Rowles*,
For iolling of your *Iabbernolls*
Together.
Wert not for vs, thou *Swad*, quoth hee,
Where would'st thou log to get a fee?
But to defend such things as thee,
'Tis pitie.

For

For ſuch as thou, eſteeme vs leaſt,
Who euer haue beene ready preſt,
To guard you, and the *Cuckowes* neſt,
Your *Citie.*

That very word made *Ellis* ſtart,
And all his blood ranne to his heart,
He ſhooke, and quak'd in euery part
With anger.

He lookt, as if nought might aſſwage
The heate of his inflamed rage,
His very countenance did preſage
Some danger.

A *Cuckowes* neſt? quoth he: and ſo,
He humm'd, and held his head full low,
As if diſtracted thoughts did o-
uerpreſſe him.

At length, quoth he, my Mother ſed,
At *Briſtow* ſhe was brought abed,
And there was *Ellis* borne and bred,
(God bleſſe him.)

Of *London* Citie I am free,
And there I firſt my *Wife* did ſee,
And for that very cauſe, quoth he,
I loue it.

Citizen.

Ellis a Briſtow man.

And he that cals it *Cuckowes* neſt,
Except hee ſaies he ſpeakes in ieſt,
He is a Villaine and a beaſt,
Ile proue it.

This Ile maintaine, nor doe I care,
Though *Captaine Pot-gun* ſtampe and ſtare,
And ſwagger, ſweare, and teare his haire
In furie,

And with the hazard of my bloud,
Ile fight vp to the knees in mud,
But I will make my quarrell good,
Aſſure yee.

For though I am a man of Trade,
And free of *London* Citie made,
Yet can I vſe *Gunne*, *Bill*, and *Blade*
In battle.

And Citizens, if need require,
Themſelues can force the Foe retire
What euer this *Low-Country* Squire
Doe prattle.

For wee haue Souldiers of our owne,
Able enough to guard the Towne,
And Captaines of moſt faire renowne,
About it,

If

If any Foe ſhould fight amaine,
And ſet on vs with all his Traine,
Wee'le make him to retyre againe,
Ne're doubt it.
We haue fought well in dangers paſt,
And will doe while our liues doe laſt,
Without the helpe of any caſt
Commanders,
That hither come, compell'd by warr,
With ruſtie Swords and Suits Prouant,
From *Vtrich*, *Numigen*, or *Gant*,
In *Flanders:*
The *Captaine* could no longer hold,
But looking fiercely, plainely told
The Citizen, hee was too bold,
And call'd him
Proud *Boy*, and for his ſaucie ſpeech,
Did ſhortly vow to whip his breech:
Then *Ellis* snacht the Pot, with which
He mall'd him.
He threw the Iugge, and therewithall, *The ſcuffle.*
He gaue the *Captaine* ſuch a mall,
As made him thumpe againſt the wall
His Crupper.

With that the *Captaine* tooke a Dish,
That stood brim-full of buttered fish,
As good as any heart could wish
To Supper.

And as he threw his foote did slide,
Which turn'd his arme and dish aside,
And all be-Butter-fish him side
Nic Ballat.

And he good man did none disease,
But sitting quiet and at ease,
With buttered *Rochets* sought to please
His Pallat.

But when he felt the wrong he had,
He rag'd and swore and grew starke mad,
Some in the roome beene better had
Without him.

For he tooke hold of any thing,
And first he caught the Poll of *Ling*,
Which he couragiously did fling
About him.

Out of his hand it flew apace,
And hit the *Lawyer* in the face,
Who at the boord in highest place
Was seated

And

And as the *Lawyer* thought to rise,
The Salt was throwne into his eyes,
Which him of sight in wofull wise
Defeated.
All things neere hand, *Nic Ballat* threw:
At length his buttered *Rochets* flew,
And hit by chance, among the crew,
The Parson.
The Sauce his coate did all be-wet,
The *Priest* began to fume and fret,
The seat was buttred which hee set
His-on.
He knew not what to doe or say,
It was in vaine to Preach or pray,
Or crie, You are all gone astray,
Good people.
He might as well goe striue to teach,
Diuinitie beyond his reach,
Or when the Bels ring out, goe preach
I'th Steeple.
At this mischance the silly man,
Out of the roome would faine haue ran,
And very angerly began
To mutter.

Ill lucke had he, for after that,
One threw the *Parsnep* full of fat,
Which stucke like Brooches in his hat,
With Butter.
Out of the place he soone repaires,
And ran halfe headlong downe the Staires,
And made complaint to Master *Ayres*
With crying.
Vp ranne he to know the matter,
And found how they the things did scatter,
Heere a Trencher, there a Platter
Were lying.
I dare not say he stunke for woe,
Nor will, vnlesse I did it know,
But some there be that dare say so,
That smelt him.
Nor could you blame him, if he did,
For they threw dishes at his head,
And did with Egges and Loaues of bread,
Bepelt him.
He thrust himselfe into the throng,
And vs'd the vertue of his tongue:
But what could one mans word among
So many?
The

The *Candles* all were ſhuffled out,
The victuall flew afreſh about:
Was neuer ſuch a Combate fought
By any.
Now in the darke was all the coyle,
Some were bloody in the broyle,
And ſome lay ſteept in *Sallet-Oyle*,
And *Muſtard*.
The ſight would make a man affeard:
Another had a buttered Beard,
Anothers face was all beſmeard
With *Cuſtard*.
Others were dawb'd vp to the knee
With buttered *Fiſh* and *Farmitie*.
And ſome the men could ſcarcely ſee
That beat'em.
Vnder the boord *Llueſlin* lay,
Being ſore frighted with the fray,
And as the weapons flew that way,
He eate'em.
The bread ſtucke in the windowes all,
Like bullets in a *Caſtle* wall,
Which furious Foes doe ſeeke to ſcale
In battle.

Wil. Llueſlin a Priſoner there, ſometime the Keeper.

Shoulders of *Mutton*, and Loynes of *Veale*,
Appointed for to ſerue the Meale,
About their eares full many a Peale
Did rattle.
One of the vnder Keepers. The which, when *Owen Blany* ſpide,
Oh, take away their Armes he cride,
Leaſt ſome great hurt doe them betide
Preuent it.
And then the Knaue away did ſteale,
Of food that fell no little deale,
And in his houſe at many a meale,
he ſpent it.
The *Captaine* ranne the reſt among,
As eager to reuenge the wrong,
Done by the *Pot* which *Ellis* flung
So ſtoutly.
And angrie *Ellis* fought about,
To find the furious *Captaine* out,
At length they met and then they fought
Deuoutly.
Now being met they neuer lin,
Till with their loud robuſtious din,
The roome and all that was therein,
Did rumble.

In-

Instead of weapons made of Steele,
The *Captaine* tooke a salted *Eele*,
And at each blow made *Ellis* reele,
And tumble.
Ellis A pippin Pye had got,
A soarer weapon then the Pot:
For loe the Apples being hot,
Did scald him.
The *Captaine* laid about him still
As if he would poore *Ellis* kill,
And with his *Eele* with a good will,
He mall'd him.
At length, quoth he, *Ellis* thou art
A fellow of couragious heart,
Yeeld now and I will take thy part
Hereafter.
Quoth *Ellis*, much I scorne to beare
Thy words of threats, being free from feare:
With which he hardly could forbeare
From laughter.
Together then a fresh they flye,
The *Eele* against the *Pippin Pye*:
But *Blany* stood there purposely,
To watch 'em.

The weapons wherewithall they fought,
Were those, for which he chiefly sought,
And with an eager stomacke thought
To catch'em.
But scap'd not now so well away,
As at the *Veale* and *Mutton* fray:
He thought to haue with such a prey
His iawes fed.
But all his hope did turne aside,
He lookt for that which lucke deny'd:
For *Ellis* all be-Pippin-pide
His Calues head.
Woe was the case he now was in,
The Apples hot did scald his skin,
His Skull, as it had rotten bin,
Did coddle.
With that one foole among the rout,
Made out-cry all the house about,
That *Blany's* braines were beaten out
His noddle.
Turn-key fat fellow. Which *Lockwood* hearing, needs would see,
What all this coyle and stirre might be,
And vp the Staires, his Guts and he
Went wadling.

But

But when he came the Chamber neere,
Behinde the doore he ſtood to heare,
But in he durſt not come for feare
Of ſwadling.

There ſtood he in a frightfull caſe:
And as by chance he ſtir'd his face,
Full in the mouth a butter'd Playce
Did hit him.

Away he ſneakt, and with his tongue,
He lick'd and ſwallow'd vp the wrong,
And as he went the roome along,
Be--him.

For helpe now, doth poore *Lockwood* crie,
O bring a Surgeon, or I die,
My guts out of my belly flye:
Come quickly.

Blany with open mouth likewiſe,
For preſent helpe of Surgeon cryes,
Pittie a man, quoth he, that lyes
So ſickly.

Phillips, the skilfull Surgeon then,
Was cal'd, and cal'd, and cal'd agen,
If he had skill to cure theſe men,
To ſhew it.

At length he comes, and first he puts
His hands, to feele for *Lockwoods* guts,
Which came not forth so sweet as Nuts,
All know it.
He cryes for water. In the meane
One cals vp *Madge* the *Kitchin queane*,
To take and make the Baby cleane
And clout it:
Fast by the Nose shee tooke the Squall,
And led him softly through the Hall,
Lest the perfume through knees should fall
About it.
Shee turn'd his Hose beneath the knee,
Nor could shee chuse but laugh to see
That yellow, which was wont to bee
A white breach.
Shee tooke a Dish-clout off the Shelfe,
And with it whipt the durtie Elfe,
Which had not wit to helpe it selfe
Poore--breech.
Thus leauing *Lockwood* all be-rai'd.
Vnto the mercie of the Maide,
Who well deserued to be payd
For taking
Such

Such homely paines. Now let vs caſt
Our thoughts backe on the ſtirre that's paſt,
And them whoſe bones could not in haſte
Leaue aking.
And like the Candles, ſhall my Pen
Shew you theſe Gallants once agen,
Which now like *Furies*, not like men,
Appeared.
Freſh lights being brought t'appeaſe the brall
Shew twenty mad men in the Hall,
With Bloud and Sauce their faces all
Beſmeared.
Their Cloathes rent and ſows'd in drinke,
Oyle, *Muſtard*, *Butter*, and the ſtinke,
Which *Lockwood* left, would make one thinke
In ſadneſſe,
That theſe ſo monſtrous creatures dwell,
Either in *Bedlam*, or in Hell,
Or that no tongue, or pen can tell
Their madneſſe.
They were indeed diſ-figured ſo,
Friend knew not friend nor foe-man foe,
And each man ſcarce himſelfe did know.
But after

A franticke staring round about,
They suddenly did quit their doubt,
And loudly all at once brake out
In laster.

The heat of all is now alaid,
The Keepers gently doe perswade,
And (as before) all friends are made,
Full kindly.

Ellis, the *Captaine* doth imbrace;
The *Captaine* doth returne the grace,
And so doe all men in the place,
As friendly.

By *Ioue* I loue thee, *Ellis* cryd;
The *Captaine* soone as much replyed,
Thou art, quoth he, a man well tryde:
And *Vulcan*

With *Mars* at ods againe shall be,
E're any iarres twixt thee and me:
And thereupon I drinke to thee
A full Can.

And then he kneeld vpon the ground,
Drink't off (quoth *Ellis*) for this round
Hor euer shall be held renownd:
And neuer.

May,

May any quarrell twixt vs twaine
A riſe, or this renew againe:
But may we louing friends remaine
For euer.

Amen, cryde *Captaine*, ſo did all,
And ſo the health went through the Hall,
And thus the Noble *Counter*-brall
Was ended.

But hunger now did vexe'em more,
Then all their anger did before:
They ſearcht i'th roome how far their ſtore
Extended.

They want the meat which *Blany* ſtole:
On finds a *Herring* in a hole,
With durt and duſt blacke as a coale,
And trodden

All vnder feete; The next in poſt
Snaps vp, and feeds on what was loſt,
And lookes not whether it be roſt
Or ſodden.

A third finds in another place
A piece of *Ling* in durtie caſe,
And *Muſtard* in his fellowes face:
Another

Espies, that finds a loafe of bread:
A dish of butter all bespread,
And stucke vpon anothers head
l'th poother
Thus what they found, contented some,
At length the Keeper brings a Broome,
Meaning therewith to cleanse the roome,
With sweeping.
But vnder Table, on the ground
Looking to sweepe, by chance he found
Luellin, faineing to be sound-
ly sleeping
He pull'd him out so swift by the heeles,
As if his arse had ran on wheeles,
And found his pocket stuft with *Eeles*:
His Cod-piece,
Did plenty of prouision bring,
Somewhat it held of euery thing,
Smelts, *Flounders*, *Rochets*, and of *Ling*
A broad piece
At this discouerie each man round
Tooke equall share of what was found,
Which afterwards they freely drown'd
In good drinke.
For

For of good Beere there was good ſtore,
Till all were glad to giue it o're
For each man had, enough and more
That would drinke;
And when they thus had Drunke and fed,
(As if no quarrell had beene bred)
They all ſhooke hands and all to bed
Did ſhuffle.

Ellis, the glory of this Towne,
With that braue *Captaine* of renowne:
And thus I end this famous *Counter Scuffle*.

FINIS.


Chuellin

To the Reader.

THis Bacchanalian Night-prize of the Counter-Scuffle, being thus finiſhed, hath euer ſince frighted both Priſoners and Lailors from comming into any roome, for feare of a ſecond vproare. So that the Counter, for want of ſweet garniſhing, and cleanely looking to, is growne ſo naſtie, that no man (by his good will) will thruſt his noſe in, at any of the grates: Nay, will rather goe a mile about then come neere it; Though to keepe it ſweet, a great deale of Mace is ſtucke vpon euery Sergeant, as if hee were a Capon in white-broth.

Vpon this ſlouenlineſſe, it is wofully haunted with Rats, not ſuch Rats as runne vp and downe in Brew-houſes, ſucking the new wort of ſtrong

Beere ſo long, and in ſuch abundance, that halfe the Citie is compelled to drink beere as ſmall as water: Nor thoſe Rats which are not mealy-mouth'd in Bake-houſes, where they gnaw ſo many batches of Bread, that a Penny-loafe wants ſometimes three or foure ounces in waight: And then the honeſt Baker is blam'd, and curs'd, and (perhaps) innocently ſet in the Pillorie.

Neither are they thoſe Rats, which greaze their throats in Tallow-Chaundlers ſhops, where they nibble ſo much vpon candles, that not one pound in an hundred is euer full waight.

No, theſe are no Rats with foure legs, but only two; and though they haue neſts in a thouſand places of London, *yet for the moſt part they run but into two Rat-traps, that's to ſay. The Compters of* Wood-ſtreet *and the* Poultry, *and for that cauſe are called Compter Rats.*

How caught, how mowz'd, and what they are,
This picture liuely doth declare.

THE

THE COVNTER-RAT.

OF Knights and Squires of low degree,
Of Roaring Boyes, that ſtick and ſnee,
Of Battoon Dam-mees that cry Bree,
I ſing now.

At men and women (Bawds and Whores)
At Pimps and Panders that keepe doores*,
At all that out-face Vintners ſcores,
I ſling now.

* *I meane no playdoores: Theſe are two honeſt.*

What ſling I? Nothing, but light rimes,
(Not tun'd as are S^t. *Pulchers* chimes)
No ſteeples height my Muſe now climbes,
But flyeth

Cloſe to the ground as Swallows doe,
When rainy weather muſt enſue,
She flies, and ſings; and if not true,
She lyeth.

Lay (*Hocus Pocus*) thy tricks by,
The Kings Iuggler.
Let *Martin Parkers* Ballads dye,
Thy theaming likewiſe I defie,
O *Fenner.*

Let Hogſdon-Scrapers on their Baſe
Sound Eum-fum-fum, from tottred caſe,
Nor Meane, nor Treble now take place,
But Tennor:

A Counter-Tennor is that Note,
Too eaſie,—'tis ne're ſung by rote,
But got with wetting well your throat
With Claret,

Or ſtout March-beere, or Windſor Ale,
Or Labour-in-vaine, (ſo ſeldome ſtale,)
Or Pymlico, whoſe too great ſale
Did marre it.

He that me reads, ſhall fall out flat
With *Homers* Frog, and *Virgills* Gnat,
And *Ouids* Flea, which ſo neere ſat
The Moone-ſhine;

For I of ſtranger wonders write,
Of a wilde Vermine got each night,
Mad Bulls i'th darke, but Gulls in ſight
Of Sun-ſhine.

My

My Metamorphosis is rare,
For Men to Rats transformed are,
And, then, those Rats are Prisoners fare,
O pittie!
But 'tis good sport to see them dresst,
To garnish out a Mornings Feast,
Each bit being salted with a iest
Scarce wittie.
These are not Rats that nibble cheese,
Or challenge mouldy crusts for fees,
And rather will their long tailes leese
Than Bacon:
No, these are they, whose guts being cram'd,
(As Cannons hard with powder ram'd)
And Bag-pipe cheekes with wines inflam'd,
Are taken
By Constables and Bill-men eke,
Who speake not Latine, French, nor, Greeke,
But are Night-Sconces out to seeke
Night-Sneakers,
Who late in Tauernes vp doe sit,
Whiffing Smoke, Money, Time, and Wit,
Powring in Boles, till out they spit
Full Beakers.

Theſe (then) being to the Counter led,
Each Priſoner ſhakes his ſhaggie head,
And leaning halfe out of his bed,
A laughing
Fals,—And cries out—A Rat,—A Rat.
Oh! roares another,—Is he fat?
If not,—Flea off his cloake or hat;
Thus ſcoffing,
Till Morne they lye.—The poore Rat gets
Into ſome hole,—Beſides his wits,
To heare ſuch catterwalling fits,
So fright him:
But day being riſe,—All vp doe riſe,
And call for Beere to cleare his eyes,
A Garniſh then the whole Roome cryes,
They bite him.
Aske any how ſuch newes I tell,
Of *Wood-ſtreets* hole, or *Poultries* hell?
Know, I did 'mongſt thoſe Gypſies dwell
That cozen there,
I meane the Turne-keyes, and thoſe Knaues,
Who racke, for fees, men, worſe than ſlaues;
I ſaw brought in with bills and glaues,
Some dozen there.

For

For I one night by Rug-gownes caught,
Was for a Rat toth' Compter brought,
What there my deere experience bought,
Ile sell yee
Cheaper, than I could haue it there,
For they for Tokens throats will teare,
But such as 'tis, fill with the Cheere
Your belly.

Pricke vp your eares,—for I begin
To tell, what Rats, my night, came in,
Caught without Cat, or Trap, or Ginne,
But mildely,
Being call'd before the Bench of Wits,
Who sit out midnights Bedlame fits,
But some being rid, like Iades with bits,
Ran wildely.

Firſt, about twelue, the Compter gates
Thundred with thumping;—Dores & grates
Reel'd at the peale,—when our Priſon-mates
Vp ſtarting,
Saw in the yard a franticke Swarme,
Crying, O my head, necke, ſides, leg, arme,
Sore had the fight beene, but ſmall harme.
At parting.

It was a Watch, ſwearing We bleed,
But 'twas their noſes dropp'd indeed:
Maſters (quoth they) We charge take heed
Of Him there.

A Roaring Rat.

THat Royſter, vs to our trumps has put,
And runne our Beadle through a gut,
His Bilbo has from each man cut
A limbe here.
They gone,-Vp comes the Bredah-Bouncer,
His tuskes ſtiff-ſtarch'd like a braue Mounſer,
Of Turnebull-Puncks a ſtaring Trouncer,
Some knew him:
Why, here (quoth we)-Why? zounds becauſe
I tugg'd with Beares, and par'd their pawes,
But ſure I mawld Mr. Conſtables lawes,
Or ſlew him:
All's one,—ſaid one, Pleaſe you to Bed Sir,
He (ſwearing) roar'd, I'm better bred Sir,
I ſcorne to rocke my Harneſſe-Head Sir,
In feathers:
Giue

Giue me a bricke, Sir, for my bolſter,
An Armorer ſtill is my vpholſter,
In froſt, ſnow, muck-hills I can roll Sir,
hang weathers.
Rogue, fetch me a ſweet truſſe of ſtraw,
To fire thy Iayle,—Pox a this Law,
That coopes, a Souldier like Iack Daw,
I'ſt treaſon?
Raſcall! more Claret, There's none here Sir,
Why then (you mangie Cur) ſome beere Sir,
There's not a Tapſter dares come neere Sir,
Thy reaſon.
Becauſe you thwack out ſuch huge words Sir,
His wezand fears them worſe then ſwords Sir
Mum then,—Ile take a nap o'th' boords Sir,
He ſleepes there.

A Croſſe legg'd Rat.

A Puritan Taylor then came in,
Who, (to take meaſure) out had bin,
And (Maudlin-drunke) to rince his ſin,
he weepes there.

Weepes to be call'd a Rat, being knowne
A man at leaſt,—ſo downe being throwne
On a hard Bench, thus did he groane
In ſorrow;
Brethren, where am I?—One replyed,
In *Wood-ſtreet* Compter:—O my pride!
Thou art tane downe, and I muſt hide
To morrow
A head that was not hid before,
Woe worth him makes *Manaſſes* roare,
But dye I may not in his ſcore,
Beleeue me,
For conſolation I eſpy
Thr'ow my ſweet Spaniſh Needles eye,
The Siſters will, (If here I lye)
Releeue me,
Siſters i'th' Compter! oh no! Here
Onely the wicked ones appeare,
Waſh then thy ſhame in briniſh teares
Confeſſing,
Th'art rightly puniſh'd for thy Yard,
And for thy Gooſe which grazd too hard,
And for ſome ſtuffes which thou haſt marr'd
With preſſing.

Wee

We ask'd him, why he was brought in,
Blacke threads of vice (quoth he) I ſpin,
And then againe did thus begin,
Condoling,
All are not Friers I ſee weare Cowles,
Nor all in minc'd ruffes, Milke-white ſoules,
I ſhould haue talk'd thus, when the bowles
Were trolling:
But then, to ſteale I held no harme,
Lappets of drinke to keepe me warme,
But linings wet, hurt, though they arme,
In deed-la,
O would my ſheeres might cut my thred,
Why is this croſſe-legg'd miſchiefe bred?
Mending my want from heele to head
With ſpeed-la.
Sorrow has made me dry.—No matter,
Out of mine eyes will I drinke water,
No other Ram my braines ſhall batter,
To kill me,
Roofe, Touch no more wines (French or
All drinks Papiſticall I baniſh, (Spaniſh)
Out of my lips, this phraſe ſhall vaniſh,
Boy,—Fill me.

One bid him call for beere,—He ſed,
Oh! No more beere,—But reach me bread,
By that Ile ſwere,—Would I were dead,
And rotten,
When I agen ſwell ought but whay,
Yet left (being cold) my zeale decay,
Hot waters ſhall not be one day
Forgotten.

An Old gray Rat.

THis done, he nods, and quickly ſnores;
And then afreſh wind fly the dores,
An Vſurer hedg'd in with mad whores,
Came wallowing,
As does a great ſhip on the ſeas,
Set on by Gallies,—for, all theſe
Were Fiſh-wiues, who had wine at eaſe
Beene ſwallowing,
And blowne him vp with penny-pots
Of Sacke, which fall to him by lots,
Payd him at weekes end byth'old rrots,
For ſhillings
Each

Each Monday lent them,--To buy Skate
Crabs, Plaice and Sprats at *Belinſgate*;
Thus, then they meet, and hold thus late
Their drillings.
He reſts in peace,--but is not dead,
Yet is wormes meat in lowzie bed,
And lies like one wrapt vp in led,
None ſtirr'd him,
But all his Oyſter-mouthes gap'd wide,
(Wine in their guts was at full Tide)
The Deuill did ſo their Rumps beſtride,
And ſpurr'd them:
They flung and winc'd, & kick'd down ſtaires
Themſelues,--And ſtamp'd like Flanders Mares,
Hel is broke looſe,-No Keeper dares
Approach them;
For, at that Dogge (beſawc'd in Sacke)
They grinde their teeth, and curſe him black
Crying out, 'Tis thee does breake their back,
And broach them
So faſt, that all their gaines boyle out,
Deepe-red to dye his pockie ſnout,
But, That which flung theſe brands about
So hotly,

'Gan now to quench them, ſleepe does ſound
Retreat, Dead-drunke they all ly drown'd
In caſt-vp wine,—and on the ground
The ſhot ly.

A Blacke Rat.

SCarce was this helliſh dinne allya'd,
But drencht in mire, with drinke beray'd,
(New curried) was brought in a ſade
All mettle,
An Eſtridge that iron barres could eat,
And ſtrong beere out of Sea-coales beat,
His fiſtie cuffes did the Watch fret
And nettle;
This ſecond Smug, who had the ſtaggers,
This Vulcaniſt, whoſe nailes were daggers,
This Smith ſo arm'd in Ale, he ſwaggers,
At ſnoring,
Though lock'd vp, yet ſet vp his trade,
Bolts, Hindges, Barres, and Grates he made
Fly,—which being heard, the Iaylors payd
His roaring.
They

They furniſh'd him with iron enough,
Necke, hands, and legs had armour tough,
And ſtronger, (but more cold) than Buffe
To guard him;
How did they this? None durſt come neere
Like Tom of Bedlam did they fear him, (him
Al bringing cans, to pledge them, ſwear him,
So ſnar'd him.
Yet, for all this, he danc'd in's ſhakles,
And cry'd, t'other Pot, I want more tackles,
And thus, (till breake of day) it cackles,
Laid hauing
The Addle Egge of his turn'd braines,
In his iron neſt of ruſtie chaines,
Which made him loſe both ſenſe of paines,
And rauing.

A long tail'd Rat.

THe next that in our little caſe.
Came to be bit with Lice and Fleas,
Was a ſpruiſe Knaue, like none of theſe,
But ſober,
As

As the Stand May-pole,--I did goe
In ruffe,--His thumbe th'row ring did ſhow
A gentleman ſeal'd,--for he was no
Hog-grubber:
It was a Petty-fogging Varlet,
Whoſe back wore freez, but bum no ſcarlet,
And was tane napping with his Harlot,
At noddy:
But being hal'd in,-his harie he rent;
And ſwore, they all ſhould deere repent
Their baſeneſſe,-for no ill he meant
To her body.
The Priſoners ask'd then what ſhe was,
(Quoth he) My Client,--One well to paſſe,
Though here they impound me like an Aſſe,
Ile ferke them,
Ile make the Beadle plucke in's horne,
He flirted at my noſe in ſcorne, (mourne,
The Watch ſhall ſtinke, the Conſtable
Ile ierke them,
Hang them (if need be)-for they broke
Ter houſe,--That's Burglarie,--The clocke
Scarce counting two,--Then me they ſtrucke
Ath'mazzard,
An

An action of strong Battry I Good!
They made my nose thou gush bloud,
(One more!)--And that I mist the mud
Was hazzard.
Here's Law in lumps:--Must, when to triall
My Client comes, I haue deniall
For ingresse to her, by Scabs? A Ryall
I enter
At Midnight,--a plaine Case,--else *Ployden*
The Case is altred:--shall each *Hoyden*
Barre Law her course? Dare rusticke *Royden*
So venture?
A farthing-candle burning by,
By chance his railing rage did die,
Yet to his Breast, Reuenge did crie:
So churning
His braines for Law-tricks how to sting them,
And vp to all the Barres to bring them,
He saw, hard twisting coards to wring them,
Till morning.

No more of this light shiping verse,
A dreerie tale I now rehearse.

LOng this browne ſtudy did not laſt,
But in, at Compter-gates as faſt
Throng'd in the Watch agen, A noiſe
Of ſcraping men and ſqueaking boyes,
Straight fill'd the houſe. The Two-penny (Ward
Leap'd vp, and fell a dancing hard:
Out at the Hole, all thruſt their heads,
The Knights Ward left their ſeuen groat (beds
The Maſters ſide hearing the din
Swore, that the Deuill was ſure brought in,
But when they heard they Fidlers were,
Some curs'd the noyſe, ſome lent an eare:
None curs'd, but what went drunke to bed,
Being then for want of drinke halfe dead.

Lock'd were the Fidlers in a Roome,
All cry'd, Strike vp, Play Rogues, Fum-fum,
The Minnikin tickled, roare did the Baſe,
Then bawdy ſongs, all ſleepe muſt chace;
The men play'd heauily, boyes did whine,
Not ſeeing meat, money, beere, nor wine,
Vp ſuch a laugh the Priſoners tooke,
That the Beds danc'd, and chambers ſhooke,
Nay, the ſtrange Hubbub did ſo pleaſe,
At Priſon-baceran both Lice and Fleas.

The

The Rozzen rubd off, and Cats guts wearie,
VVe ask'd, how they who made men merrie
Grew ſad themſelues, And why (like ſprits)
Fidlers being ſtrung to walke a nights,
VVere they lock'd vp?--One then, i'th'eye
Putting his finger, told vs why.
Quoth he, Being met by a mad Crew,
In theſe poore caſes,-- vp they drew
Our Fiddles, and like Tinkers ſwore
VVe ſhould play them to the Blue Bore,
Kept by mad *Ralph* at Iſlington,
VVhoſe Hum and Mum, being powr'd vpon
Our guts,--ſo burnt [illegible], we deſir'd:
To part;--being out o'th houſe eene fir'd:
As our hands play'd our Heads were plied,
And, tho, the night was cold, we fried;
For ſuch hot waters ſod our braine,
Like Dawes in *Iune*, we gap'd for raine,
Strong were our Coxcombes, our legs weake,
VVe, not our Fiddles had wit to ſpeake,
The company then being faſt aſleepe,
And we paid ſoundly, out did creepe
Into the high-way.--O ſweet Moone!
VVe, but for thee, had beene vndone:

Yet, though thy torch to vs was lighted,
We all might well haue beene indited,
For breaking into others ground,
Three in one ditch being almoſt drown'd
Yet out we ſcrambled, and a long (throng,
The Play houſe came,—where ſeeing no
We ſwore 'twas ſute ſome ſcurule play,
That all the people ſo ſneak'd away,
And ſo the Players deſcended were
Toth' Starres, Nags-head, or *Chriſtopher*.
To all thoſe tauernes (we cry'd) Let' goe,
At which one fell, and then ſwore—No.
The Bars at Smithfield well we paſt,
For all the Watch had runne in haſt,
Arm'd with chalk'd Bils, wak'd by a cry
Of Whore-dorps tane by th' enemie.
From Cow-Croſſe ſtood thoſe ſtoues not far,
In which were entred men of warre,
(Low-Countrey Souldiers late came o're)
Each one going in to preſſe a Whore.
Leauing them preſſing, on we trot
Through the Horſe-faire, till wee had got
Into the middle of Long-Lane,
Where vp the Deuill doe Brokers traine:

There

There downe we fell, and then fell out,
Our leatherne Cases flew about
We fenc'd, and foyn'd, and fought so long,
That all our Fiddles lay halfe vnstrung,
Their backs were broke, and we oth'ground,
Swouning for griefe they did not sound,
Our noyse brought vp from Aldersgate
The rugged Watch, who before sate
Nodding at the old Mermaids dore,
Who with a guard of halfe a score
Seiz'd vs, and cry'd, at going away,
Sad *Lachrimæ* you there shall play.
This told, the Prisoners laugh't out-right,
And though the Whole Ward had no light,
Yet from their beds all skip and crie,
Scraper, Strike vp, we the Watch defie.
The Moone so bold was to looke in,
And saw some onely in their skin,
(Naked as Cuckowes when *June's* past)
Some had long shirts downe to their waste,
Some wanted back-parts, some an arme,
None wore a shirt could keepe him warme,
A French Boy, that sweepes chimnies, weares
His patch'd vp Frocke as white as theirs:

'Some on their heads
Some lapp'd their bro
They hobble about, t
So long, that crack'd
By their rude horſe-pl
Flinging their legs th
Such horrid noiſe, ſuc
Cannot be heard, nor
Yet o're they gaue not,
Aroſe, then all to bed

Good

THe Rats into the T
This night, wer
Belike did winke, and
For, when the winds
Toſſe all that venture
The rocks being brow
On which they ſplie th
When morning come
Thoſe Rats o're night
Being ſoone turn'd me
Yet ſome loſe taile, ſo
VVhilſt Conſtables an

FI

eads no night-caps wore,
ir browes in hose all tore.
out, they frisk, they sing,
ck'd was euery string,
rse-play altogether,
gs they car'd not whither.
e, such stinking smell
, nor felt in hell:
e not, till the Sunne
bed did runne.

ood Morrow.

the Trap that fell
t, were few:--The Constable
e, and would not see;
inds rise, his watch and he
nture on their waues;
brown-bills, clubs, & staues,
lie them:--These and they
comes are fetch'd away;
ight whose shapes did leese,
'd men, by paying but fees,
e, some are scracht bare,
les and Compters share.

FINIS.